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COMIC

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the Lone Ranger

A 32 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE



Tell-a-Tale Books for children



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EASY-TO-READ, COLORFUL HARD COVERS!

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R



THE OLD FAVORITES



AT STORES
EVERYWHERE



THE NEW FAVORITES



STORIES FOR THE YOUNG MODERNS

Whitman

PUBLISHING COMPANY
RACINE - WISCONSIN





THAT NIGHT IN THE SALOON...

BAMBO, THE SHERIFF WENT OUT FOR COFFEE THAT JUST LEAVES THE GREEN DEPUTY HERE! START PULLIN' THAT SIDE ACT---

---GLAD I AM WHEN WE FINISH THE ACT, THAT NEW DEPUTY IS GOIN' TO LOOK SICK!



OOOON!

SHERIFF! MY, OUT THERE! BAMBO!

HUNT WHAT'S WROUGHT SO RIGHT WITH YOU!



WHAT'S ALL THE HOLLERIN' ABOUT?

IT'S BAMBO---HE'S SHY!! HE WOKED UP CHOONIN' MY GUTS!! HIS HEART!

WATER--- WATER---



POORER LATER

HERE TAKE THE CARBEN! I'M NOT ALLOWED TO OPEN YOUR CELL DOOR!

I CAN'T LET HIM OUT! MY NAME! CAN'T YOU SEE HIS DRYN'! GIBBS HIM THE WATER IN HERE!-- OR DO YOU WANT HIS DEATH ON YOUR CONSCIENCE?



CONSERN YOU! I'LL NOT LET HIM DIE!

HURRY! HIS EYE'S ARE CLOSIN'!



WANT--- DRYN'!

GRAB HIS GUN!









TONTO, THE TWO MEN ARE HAWKED AND JIMMY!
SOMEHOW THEY'VE ESCAPED FROM THE INTERNAPOO
JAILHOUSE! THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHAT THE
SHERIFF'S HORSE IS DOING HERE!
WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM!



SOON...

THEY MUST EXPECT TO OBTAIN FRESH HORSES IN GREAT
EAGLE'S VILLAGE AND THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING
--- GRINNING WOLF IS THERE! --- STEADY, SLUSH!

EASY, SCOUT!
STEADY!



MEANWHILE...

ALL RIGHT, HUNK! DON'T
YELL AN' DON'T TRY TO GET
AWAY! IF YOU DO, I'LL
SHOOT!

WHY NOT SHOOT
WE STAND STILL!



HE GRAVED
ENGLISH!

LOOK, INDIAN! GEE THIS BADGE! IT
MEANS WE'RE LEAVING! NOW TAKE UP
TO GRINNING WOLF'S TENTS AN' DON'T
LET ANYBODY SEE YOU DOIN' IT!

AW, IN TENT! WE
TAKE YOU TO US!

MOMENTS LATER...

URAH! RABBO! HOW
COME YOU HERE? WHY
YOU HOLD GUN AGAINST US?

WE WANTED TO BE SURE
HE BROUGHT US TO YOU!
WE GOT CAPTURED
LAST NIGHT---BUT
WE ESCAPED!



MASKED MAN AM
INDIAN CATCH-UP!

YEAH! AM NOW, THEY'LL AFTER
YOUR HOLE, WELL, WE SURE
ONCE WE CROSS THE BORDER
INTO MEXICO! BUT WE NEED
HORSES pronto!



NO ONE HAVE
HORSES! INDIAN
NEED HORSES!

NO ONE
ASKED
YOU!

AM RIGHT! I CAN'T GET HORSES
FOR YOU NOW! TODAY THE
WHOLE TRIBE GO TO BIG POW-
WOW WITH BROTHER TRIBE! USE
EVERY HORSE IN CAMP! GREAT
SABLE NOT LET ANYBODY TAKE
HORSE! BEFORE TRIBE LEAVE!



WE DON'T CARE WHAT
THE CHIEF SAYS---GET
US TWO HORSES!

YOU AM GUN
AT ME!



YEAH! AM I'LL SHOOT YOU
TOO IF YOU DON'T ACT
FAST AM---

---CHWAW!



YOUR WILL BE NEXT,
HOLE, UNLESS YOU
GET US TWO
HORSES!





HERE TRACES OF TWO
MEN WHO WEAR BOOTS
AND A MOCOSIN POINT!
OUTLANS GO OFF WITH
GRANNING WOLF!

THEN WHAT YOU SAY
ABOUT GRANNING WOLF
IS TRUE! HE GET-UM
QUICK! HE GULL-UM!
COMES!



MEANWHILE...

BRIVE WHO GUARD HORSES
SAY ONLY CHIEF CAN TELL-UM
TO LET SOME HORSES GO!

IF THAT'S HOW WE
WANTS IT, WE'LL GET
THE HORSES FOR
OURSELVES!



SHOT COME FROM
WHERE HORSES PICKETED
NEAR RIVER!



IT'S THE PACKED
MAN IN THE
JUNK!

WE HAVEN'T TIME TO UNDO THE
HORSES! HEAD FOR THE JUMP!
---COVER US, GRANNING WOLF,
WHILE WE PUSH OFF! AM COMING,
THAT JUNKED MAN WANTS
MOM TOO!



DOWN!

BANG! BANG!





WE GOT CRAVING
WOLF!



AIEEE!

GREAT EAGLE HIT HIM! NOW
TO STOP LINAN AND RUMBO!



MOMENTS LATER...

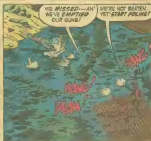
THEY ESCAPE
ON RAFT!

AND THEY'VE PUSHED THE OTHER RAFT OUT INTO THE
RIVER! THEY'LL BE OUT OF GUN RANGE IN A MINUTE!
THE ONLY WAY TO PURSUE THEM IS BY RAFT---
SWIM FOR IT, TONTO!



THEY'RE GOING TO
TRY TO REACH THE
OTHER RAFT!

PEPPER
'EM!



WE MISSED---AN'
WE'VE EMPTIED
OUR GUNS!

WE'RE NOT BEATEN
YET! START FIGHTING!



QUICKLY THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO FLEW AFTER THE ESCAPING OUTLAW, AS THEIR POWERFUL SWIMMING CLOSED THE GAP BETWEEN THE RAFTS....





the Lone Ranger

Chinese Gold

OAK, YOU AN' PUE ARE GOIN' TO LIVE WORKIN' FOR ME IN OREVILLE! THE TOWNS GOT A PAPER, BUT NO SCHOOL, NO BANK---AN' NO LAW OFFICE!

WHEN GOLD WAS DISCOVERED NORTH OF SHANE RIVER, THE HASTELY TOWN--TOWNSHIP TOWN OF OREVILLE SPRANG UP.



RED, DO YOU SAY THERE WAS NO LAWMAN HERE?

THAT'S RIGHT, OAK! AND A LOT OF THE PROSPECTORS IN THE HILLS HAVE HIT IT RIGHT! THEY HADN'T TIME TO COME TO TOWN---AN' THERE'S NO BANK ANYWAY! PICKIN' UP THEIR PICKINGS SHOULD BE EASY FOR YOU TWO.



9-BUT I'VE SPENT ALL MY LIFE'S SAVINGS TO COME HERE AN' DO---

---YOU STRUCK IT ONCE, YOU'LL STRIKE GOLD AGAIN! AND WE'LL BE THERE TO COLLECT THOSE PICKINGS, TOO!

IN THE LONELY HILLS, SUNFIRE BONDERS...



NOW WHY'D WE HAVE TO REACH FOR HIS GRAB? ALL WE ASKED HIM TO REACH FOR, OAK, WAS HIS GOLD!

AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE OREVILLE SENTINEL...



YOU KNOW, RUTH, I'LL BE THE ONLY ONE WHO READ MY PAPER AND CROON'S I Wrote ABOUT---AN' THEY READ IT FOR LAUGHS!

THAT'S NOT TRUE, TOM! MANY FOLKS READ THE SENTINEL, BUT IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A NEWSPAPER TO DO THE LAWLESSNESS HERE!

A WEEK LATER...

WHILE YOU BOKE'S BEEN OUT "PROSPECTIN'" THE PROSPECTORS, I'VE BEEN WORKIN' IN AORE MEN / WHEN THE TOWN REALLY BOOKS, THEY'LL BE IN POSITION TO TAKE OVER!

HEY, RED! HERE'S ANOTHER ARTICLE AGAINST US! THIS PAPER SURE HATES ME BEIN' SO IMPORTANT!



TOM, WE NEED ME, OR HAVE YOU WORTHEN BARBACH ME A LUNCH DOWN AT SARRY CITY?

YES, DOCTOR DOGS, I ASKED HIM TO SEND US A GOOD MAN TO TAKE THE JOB OF SARRY, BUT HE'D BETTER COME SOON OR RED BERRY AND HIS CREW WILL CONTROL ORVILLE!



MEANWHILE...

TOM, FROM WHAT WE'VE HEARD AND WHAT WE'VE READ IN THE ORVILLE GENTLE, THAT TOWN IS FAST BECOMING THE MOST LAWLESS COMMUNITY IN THE WEST!

USH! STORES WE HEAR NOT GOOD, KISSO SARRY!



WHERE THERE'S GOLD YOU'LL FIND CROOKS! AND UNTIL ORVILLE SETS UP A LAW ENFORCING AGENCY, IT WILL BE OUR DUTY TO GO AFTER THE CROOKS! WE SHOULD REACH THE TOWN BY NIGHT! --- COME ON, SARRY!

GET-EM UP, SCOUT!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

BOYS, I HEARD SOME NEWS THAT MENTIONED ME GIVE MY WIFE! --- YOU KNOW THOSE CHINESE WHO ARE BERRY ON NORTH HILL!

YEAH! WHAT AN OUPRY THEY ARE! THEY NEVER STOP WORKIN'! KEEP GOIN' RIGHT AROUND THE CLOCK!



WELL, BECAUSE THEY KEEP GOIN' LIKE THAT, THEY'VE DUG THEMSELVES ABOVE GOLD THAN ANYBODY ELSE! ONE OF 'EM, BOO LUM, IS THEIR LEADER! HE SPEAKS ENGLISH AN' HE STAYS AWAY ALL THE GOLD THEY DIG IN HIS CASH! THEY DON'T CARRY GUNS, DON'T BELIEVE IN VIOLENCE! --- THIS'LL BE A CRACK!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE LONG RANGERS AND TONTO
REACH NORTH HILL ...



THERE'S CORVILLE JUST
ACROSS THE RIVER! AND
---TONTO! LOOK DOWN
BELOW!

SID TWO MEN!
THEY SNAKE UP
ON CABIN!



AND THEY'RE HOLDING
GUNSET! TONTO, WE'RE
DOWN THERE!

IT TOO STEEP
FOR HORSES!



LEAVE THE HORSES! WE'LL GO
DOWN BY FOOT AND TRY TO TAKE
THOSE TWO BY SURPRISE!



HERE'S THE END CABIN.
GAK! THIS IS THE ONE RED
SAND WAS BOO LUM'S BEST
YOUR GUN READY!



BOO LUM---

---YOU, BOO LUM! YOU SNAKY
ENGLISH! TELL THE OTHERS TO
REACH! WE WANT YOUR GOLD!



GAK!

THE COMBY UNARMED
POOL, I'LL FOR
HIM!





NO! I WEAR A MASK FOR A VERY DIFFERENT REASON!—SO THEY WERE AFTER YOUR GOLD! THEY CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO ESCAPE! TONED AND I AM GOING AFTER THEM!



LATER, IN THE CASH...



THERE'S ABOUT GOLD IN BOB LUMB CASH!—THEN WE'RE GOING BACK AFTER IT ALL OF IT!



WELL, I'M GOING TO WORK UP THAT CROWD SO THEY'LL GO UP THERE AND RUN ALL THE CHINGES OFF NORTH HILL!—IN WHILE THEY'RE BUSY CHING OR KILLIN' THE CHINGES, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT GOLD IN BOB LUMB'S CASH! I'LL GET THAT HOB SO STROD UP THEY'LL WANT TO KILL EVERY CHINGMAN ON GIG!



MINUTES LATER, THE LONG RANGER AND TONTO FOLLOW THE OUTLAW'S TRAIL INTO OREVILLE AND BEHIND...



PLEASE DON'T BE ALARMED! THE REASON FOR WEARING THIS MASK, BUT THERE HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN THEN NOW! I KNOW YOURS TOM SPENCER, EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL, AND I NEED YOUR HELP TO PREVENT A MASS MURDER TONIGHT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



QUICKLY THE LONE RANGER TELLS WHAT HE HAS OVERHEARD...

...AND THOUGH MY FRIEND TOMO HAS GONE TO WARN THEM, THE CHINESE STILL MAY NOT BE SAFE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! AND UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, NOW, NO ONE'LL BE SAFE! I'M CERTAIN RED EDDY IS USING PROBLEMS AS A FRONT TO STEAL THE CHINESE'S GOLD NOW AND LATER, THEY'LL USE THE SAME TACTICS TO ROB AND MURDER OTHER PEOPLE REGARDLESS OF RACE!



WE NEED A FEW MEN WHO'LL NOT BE AFRAID TO USE GUNS AGAINST A MOB!

DOCTOR DOGS WILL HELP TOM!

AND THERE'S JED LANGRAN AND HIS SON, BOY! I'LL SEND THEM HERE AT ONCE!



AND AS THE LONE RANGER RETURNS TO THE CAFE...

RED'S GOT THAT CROWD BOILIN' AND THEY'RE GON' FOR THEIR GLAS AN' SOPE!

I'D BETTER SHOWE THEM ONE OF CHINESE GOLD AN' THE REST OF OUR PICKINGS ALL THE WAY BACK IN THE SAFE! TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE REST OF THE LOOT WE'LL SEND WHILE THE MORSE CHASING THE CHINESE OFF NORTH WILL!



THE MARSHAL FROM SUNDOWN CITY WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW WHERE THE ROBBERY EVIDENCE IS KEPT!

WHAT IS BLAZEST --- IT'S THE MURDERED MAN AGAIN!



GUIN FROM --- CRASH!

I'LL FLEED AWAY!









AS THE MEN ARE DEBARRED, THE LOVE RANSACKER MAKES RED ESTEY COMPREHEND THE REAL MOTIVE FOR FORMING THE MOB...



SOON AFTER, JONAS ARRIVES WITH THE MARSHAL...



the Lone Ranger

A Message Goes Wrong

AS THE TRAIN FROM KANSAS CITY STOPS FOR WATER AT BOLDERTOWN...

LEUTENANT GILL? I GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU! CAME OVER THE HILL FROM MESA JUNCTION A FEW MINUTES AGO! SOUNDS RIGHTLY IMPORTANT!

IS LEUTENANT DOUGLAS GILL? LET ME SEE THE MESSAGE!

HOW COME THEY MENTION "CURTIS"? DOUGLAS, HE'S DEAD!

THAT'S A CODE WORD---AND THE RIGHT ONE!

IT DOUGLAS GILL, AKA
FROM MESA JUNC.
TO LIAISON OFFICE
IN LIAISON OFFICE
RE: AT MESA JUNC.
WILL TRAIN AT MESA
OUT-POSTED AND
TRAINING THERE. COURTESY
DOUGLAS GILL
Capt. H. B.

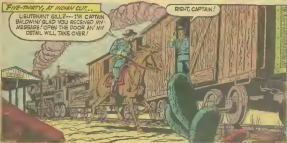
GILL SOUNDS MYSTERIOUS! WHAT ARE YOU GIBBERING IN THERE---

---NOTHING FOR DOUGLAS! I'M WAITING OUT A REPLY I WANT YOU TO SEND TO MESA JUNCTION AT ONCE!

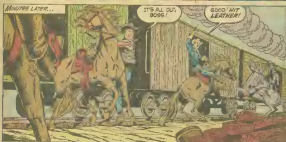
SOON, AT MESA JUNCTION...

"CAPTAIN BALDWIN---INSTRUCTIONS RECEIVED IN LIEU OF CODES! WILL PROCEED AS ADVISED! LITTLE BIT WORKY!"
---THOSE ARE HIS CODE WORDS! DOUGLAS GILL, SECOND LIEUTENANT, U.S. ARMY!"

IT WORKED---THE TRICK WORKED!











LATER, TONTO RETURNS AND TELLS THE LOVE RANGER OF THE FALES MESSAGE THAT LED TO THE ROBBERY...

THE WOUNDED MAN SAID TAPS TRIED TO KILL HIM! HE COULD HAVE REFERRED TO TAPS HORRER, ONE OF THE BAILROAD'S BEST TELEGRAPHERS---UNTIL HE WAS DISCOVERED GIVING THE BENTLY BOY GANG SECRET INFORMATION! THAT COULD EXPLAIN THE FALES TELEGRAPH MESSAGE!



YOU SAID THE FALSE MESSAGE WAS SENT FROM MESA JUNCTION! THE OUTLAW TAIL HEADS THAT WAY! IT WILL BE DARK BEFORE WE REACH THE CITY, BUT WE'LL CAMP IN THE HILLS AND START SEARCHING FOR THEM AT DAWN!—**COME ON, SILVER!**



BET-UN UP, SCOUT!

SOON, AT MESA JUNCTION, LIEUTENANT BELL REPORTS THE ROBBERY TO CAPTAIN BALDWIN...



BUT BY THUNDER, WHO DID SEND THAT FALSE MESSAGE?

THE LIEUTENANT SAID IT CAME FROM HERE! LET'S CHECK AT THE TELEGRAPH SHACK!

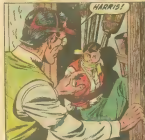


THAT'S FUNNY, THERE'S NO LIGHT ON! HARRIS IS DUE TO GO HOME WITH ME ABOUT AN HOUR FROM NOW!



HARRIS?

SOMETHING'S MISSING HERE IN THAT CLOSET!



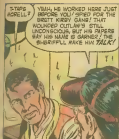
HARRIS!

QUICKLY, HARRIS TELLS HIS PREPARED ALIBI—

—AND AFTER THEY LOCKED ME IN THE CLOSET, THE MAN WHO SENT THE FALSE MESSAGE YOU TOLD ME ABOUT, REMAINED AT THE KEY THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON HANDLIN' ROUTINE MESSAGES!

COVER UP SO NO ONE'D SUSPECT ANYTHIN' WAS WROTE HERE, I RECKON!— LIEUTENANT, YOU SAID THE WOUNDED MAN MENTIONED TAP'S I'LL BET HE WENT TAP'S MORREL!





STAR'S
SCRELL?

YEAH, HE WORKED HERE JUST
BEFORE YOU/SPED FOR THE
BROTT KIDNEY GANG! THAT
WOUNDED OUTLAW'S STILL
UNCONSCIOUS, BUT HIS PAPERS
SAID HIS NAME IS BARNES! THE
SHERIFF'LL HAVE HIM TAKEN!



HARRIS, WHAT'S
THE MATTER?

NOTHING---JUST A LITTLE
WORE FROM THE BLOW!--I'D
BETTER BE GETTIN' HOME!

DANNY, NEAR MESA JUNCTION...



WE BEGAN
TO SEARCH FOR
TRACKS---

---TOMTO, LOOK HALF-WAY
UP IN THOSE HILLS! SEE
THAT LIGHT FLASHING?



IT'S HORRIBLE! SOMEONE IS SIGNALING
BY FLASHING A MIRROR IN THE SUNLIGHT! LET'S
SEE WHAT HE IS SENDING!---T-A-A-P---COME
AT ONCE! SHERIFF AFTER YOU! BARNER STILL ALIVE!
MUST ACT FAST!



HOW BARNER! THERE
LIGHT FLASHING NEAR TOP
OF BALD PEAK!

THEY'RE SCHEDULED TO
THE MESSAGE, TOMTO!
BUT DARE HAN'T GOING TO
SEE THE ONLY ONE RIDING
FOR THAT GAIN!
HURRY UP!



Soon...

HARRIS, WHAT'D YOU MEAN THE SHERRIFF WAS LOOKIN' FOR ME?

TAPS, GARNER WASN'T DEAD---HE MENTIONED YOUR NAME!



WHATE A-MOUSE LOCO! I SAW HIM DO!

YOU ONLY THINK YOU SAW HIM OVER AT THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE. A MILE FROM HERE! HE'S PROBABLY STILL UNCONSCIOUS, BUT WHEN HE COMES TO, HE MAY TALK! THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR YOU!---HE HAS TO BE KILLED!



HARRIS, YOU'RE RIGHT! IF HE'S ALIVE, WE'LL SEARCH! WHERE'S THE DOCTOR'S PLACE? I'LL GO THERE BEFORE GARNER HAS A CHANCE TO TELL ABOUT US AND THE HIDE-OUT!



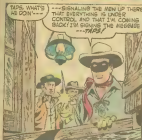
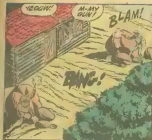
SOMETHIN' IS MAKIN' MY HORSE SPOOKY!



TAPS, LOOK!

A BRACKED MAN!---WELL, I'LL SEND HIS MESQUERADIM' PRONTOT!







FOR TWO HOURS, THE LONG RANGER'S DEADLY SHOOTING KEEPS THE GANG IN THE CAVE. AND THEN







The adobe walls of Turner's Mail station lay black in the moonlight. Their solid shadow projected out toward the dusty white road. Then, suddenly, there was nothing!

The moon had gone under a cloud.

In the darkness a voice spoke harshly, some distance from the buildings spoke in clear Spanish—the language of both Indian and white.

"OIGAN, BLANCOS! ARAÑA, YOI!"

The voice spoke slowly—a few short phrases—and stopped. . . . The moon came out again! There was nobody in sight—nothing but the shadows of the rock outcroppings around the station, where half a hundred Apaches might be hiding.

Inside the station, Boyd Tanner turned to the fifteen-year-old boy who stood near one of the open windows. In the dimness of the unlighted room, Tanner's face could not be seen, but the snarl in his voice was clear enough.

"Araña—that cursed Apache renegead! Tell me what he says, boy! You were raised with his breed of snakes!"

A gasp of protest came from a slender figure across the room, and a woman's gentle tones: "Boyd! You've no call to say such things! Johnny is my own son . . . and your stepson, too!"

Boyd Tanner turned on her, roughly.

"You've reminded me often enough, Laura," he snapped. "But he's more Apache than white—the way he acts, pussyfooting around! Now he can make himself useful! Well? What did that injun yell at us, just now?"

"He made an offer," John Scott replied softly. "Araña said that if you, Tanner, will come out to him—bringing the Station horses and all the rifles, pistols, and ammunition—he and his warriors will spare the lives of everyone else here! If you refuse—then, by tomorrow, everybody inside the Station will be as dead as Jack and the mule out there in the yard!"

Tanner looked out at the stiff forms huddled in the moonlit yard—and muttered under his breath.

"Araña's sore because I took a shot at him last week! Now he's trying to scare us! Tell him to go hang! If he jumps this station, I'll put a slug in his stomach. Tell him that!"

John Scott cupped his hands around his mouth, and called out in loud, singsong Apache. Then he closed the loophole plank window shutter and turned to his stepfather.

"I told him what you said, Tanner," he stated quietly. "We may all be dead by tomorrow's sunrise—or sooner! But if you will give me a rifle, now—"

"NO!" bellowed the Station keeper. "I'm not trusting you with a weapon! You're

enough Apache, in your mind, to shoot me in the back and let your red-skinned friends in here! Get into the other room!"

John Scott heard a sob from his gentle mother—and a soft exclamation of wonder from one of the two Mexican employees stationed at the other loopholes. But he himself did not speak. Silent-footed to his Indian necessities, he entered the small room where his five-year-old sister June lay asleep—and closed the door.

The only window there was small—and divided by a hardwood bar set in the cement-like adobe. John Scott glanced at it, and smiled. Days ago, right after he'd arrived at the Station, he had cut through the bar at top and bottom, and hidden the cuts with adobe dust—because Tanner had threatened to shut him up there if he didn't behave.

Now, the boy stripped off his white-man clothes, down to an Apache loincloth. From under his straw bunk-mattress, he took his Apache bow and ten war-arrows. Still without a sound, he removed the window bar, and slipped out.

Moving only when the moonlight vanished under scudding clouds, he located Amfir's Mesqueros raiders—learned them by scent, before he got near enough to count them. They were twenty tough, bloodthirsty warriors, hidden among the rocks.

They were not the tribe who had robbed John Scott from boyhood—almost the sole survivor of a Covered Wagon train! These were the Christopher Apaches—these under-



A-mir were Mesqueros, and Johnny owed them no loyalty at all.

He was ready—his eyes adjusted to the dark, when Arafo gave the signal to attack. As the Mesqueros moved toward the Station, Johnny froze them in their tracks—with a CHRICANDIA war whoop! Then an arrow loosed almost as rapidly as a man could draw breath, drove to its mark. Yells of surprise answered it.

One of the Mesqueros was down, and as the rest sensed what was happening, they melted away. Just to make sure that they kept on going, Johnny sent two more arrows, on longer shots, after them. . . .

The sounds of this strange battle had not escaped the watchers inside the Station walls. To Johnny's ears came the opening of the bedroom door, and Royd Tanner's startled curse at sight of the unbarred window. Directly, Johnny glimpsed the man's white face, looking out. . . .

A rifle slammed its heavy report—but it came from the rocks where Arafo lay with an arrow in him. Then the face at the window was gone!

Once more the rifle spoke—with a muffled thud. Arafo, mortally wounded by Johnny's arrow, had ended his own wicked career.

As silent as a shadow, Johnny Scott slipped away. At the river he would have a long, cool drink. Then, by daylight, he would return to his mother and his little sister—who were safe once more!



YOUNG HAWK

SHIRK-UP!

EAT, LITTLE BROTHER! EAT UNTIL YOU CAN HOLD NO MORE! YOU SAVED YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK FROM THE BUFFALO BULL!

DESCENDING TO THE WYOMING PLAINS AFTER THEIR LONG WINTER, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK AND THEIR PETS, FEED WELL ON BUFFALO.

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OUT MORE STRIPS OF MEAT, LITTLE BUCK! WE'LL NEED IT TO TAKE WITH US!

BUT WHY, YOUNG HAWK? THERE WILL BE PLENTY MORE BUFFALO TO KILL.

THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF OTHER HUNTERS, TOO---GROWS AND SHOSHONES AND CHEYENNES! IF WE DO MUCH HUNTING, WE'LL LOSE OUR SCALPS TO SOME WAR PARTY!

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE MANDAN YOUNGS HEAD EASTWARD, ALWAYS ON THE WATCH FOR ENEMIES.

WE WILL SLEEP WARM TOMORROW--- IN THIS LITTLE MUD CAVE---

--- UNLESS A CLOUD-BURST DROWNS US OUT! IT'S WORTH THE RISK, THOUGH!

AT NIGHT THEY COOK A QUICK MEAL OVER A SMOKELESS FIRE OF BUFFALO CHIPS, BUILT IN A SHELTER OF A GULLY.



FEELING WARM AND SAFE IN THEIR TINY SLEEPING CAVE, THE BOYS AND THEIR PETS SLEEPER DEEPLY--- WITH NO THOUGHT OF DANGER!



BUT AT FIRST MORNING LIGHT, CHANCE TAKES A HAND! FOUR CROW BUFFALO HUNTERS COME STEALING UP- WIND---AND UP THE HILLS--- TO SURPRISE A BUNCH OF BUFFALO THEY HAVE SPOTTED.



SUDDENLY, THE LEADING BUCK STIFFENS ---



IN RAPID SIGN LANGUAGE, THE FOUR DECIDE TO TAKE THE TWO STRANGERS ALIVE.



STRONG HANDS YANK THE BOYS OUT BY THE FEET!



DESPITE THEIR STRUGGLES, THE MAYANAD YOUTHS ARE OVERPOWERED.



THEN YOUNG HAWK EXPLODES INTO ACTION—
MIRLING ONE ENEMY BACK—PRICKING THE
OTHER WITH HIS KNIFE POINT.



AS YOUNG HAWK COMES TO HIS FEET, A CROW
AIMS A DEADLY BLOW WITH HIS STONE AXE.



BUT LITTLE BROTHER, EVER READY FOR BATTLE,
FLIES INTO THE AXEMAN'S FACE. NEEDLE-SHARP
TALONS RIP THROUGH THE SKIN!



A PIERCING LITTLE BIRD SLICES
ANOTHER BUCK'S NOSE!



TENT WINGS BUFFT ANOTHER, WHILE
LITTLE BROTHER'S PIERCING HAWK
SCREAM THREATENS WORSE MAYHEM.



ALL AT ONCE THE FIGHTERS BREAK AND RUN, TERRI-
FIED AT SOMETHING THEY CANNOT UNDERSTAND—
WHY A BIRD SHOULD FIGHT FOR THEIR ENEMIES!



DAYS LATER--CROSSING A SPUR
OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGE---

WE ARE STILL FAR
FROM THE PLAINS.
WE KNOW, YOUNG
HAWK!

BUT WE ARE
DRAWING NEARER!
ONE OF THESE DAYS,
WE'LL SEE A LAND-
MARK THAT IS
FAMILIAR!

I HAVE A FEELING
THAT *HOME* IS
THERE--- TO THE
NORTH AND EAST!

WELL---
IT WON'T DO
ANY HARM TO
FIND OUT!

DAYS LATER---WITH THE MOUNTAINS BEHIND THEM---

THERE---SEE, LITTLE
BUCK! IN THE DISTANCE--
*THE GREAT BEAR
TOWER!*

I SAW IT ONCE BEFORE---WHEN I WAS
ONLY A PAPOOSE---AND OUR PEOPLE
CAME HERE TO HUNT BUFFALO! WHEN WE
GET NEARER, YOU WILL WONDER THAT
SUCH A THING CAN BE, LITTLE BUCK!

WHO
BUILT IT,
YOUNG
HAWK?

THE
GREAT
SPIRIT!

THE STORY THE OLD ONES TELL IS THAT TWO CHILDREN WERE BEING CHASED BY A GREAT BEAR. IN THEIR FRIGHT THEY PRAYED TO THE GREAT SPIRIT TO SAVE THEM, AND THE MANITO DID SO, BY RAISING THE GROUND BENEATH THEM SO HIGH AND SO FAST THAT THE BEAR COULD NOT REACH THEM!



AND THOSE DEEP GROOVES IN THE SIDES OF THE TOWER ARE THE MARKS OF THE GREAT BEAR'S CLAWS, AS HE TRIED TO CLIMB IT!

WAGH! IT MUST BE SO! THE CLAW MARKS ARE THE PROOF!



HOW THE TOWER SERVES AS A LANDMARK! I KNOW THE WAY TO OUR TRIBE'S HUNTING GROUNDS FROM HERE!

IS IT FAR, YOUNG HAWK?



WE MUST FIND A RIVER THAT FLOWS EASTWARD TO JOIN THE GREAT RIVER (THE MISSOURI). NEAR THE HEADWATERS OF THE GREAT RIVER IS OUR HOME! IT IS STILL MANY SLEEPS FROM HERE!



AFTER DAYS OF FORCED MARCH---

A RIVER--- FLOWING EAST! WE WILL FOLLOW THIS ONE, LITTLE BUCK!

IF ONLY WE COULD TRAVEL BY CANOE! BUT IT'S A LOT OF WORK TO BUILD ONE!



MILES FARTHER--- WHEN A FORCED DETOUR BRINGS THEM BACK TO THE STREAM---

PSST! THERE IS THE RIVER, JUST BELOW US --- AND SOMETHING ELSE! LISTEN!

WOOF!
BRRR...
WOOF!





ON THE RIVER BANK, AN ANGRY MOTHER BEAR GROWLS AT A PORCUPINE—WHO HAS HURT HER CUB?



RESTRAINING HER RAGE, THE OLD BEAR FIGURES OUT A WAY TO DEAL WITH HER PRICKLY ENEMY! SHE CAUTIOUSLY SLIPS A FOREPAW BENEATH THE FORK—



—AND GIVES A SUDDEN FLIP!



CALMLY THE PORCUPINE UNCOILS, AND STARTS SWIMMING—STRAIGHT ACROSS THE STREAM.



BUT THE OLD BEAR'S ANGER IS NOT SO EASILY SATISFIED! THE CRYING OF HER QUILL-PRICKED CUB IS IN HER EARS, AS SHE PLUNGES IN!



SWIMMING SEVERAL TIMES AS FAST AS THE GULL-FIG, SHE OVERHAULS HIM, AND REACHES AHEAD FOR HIS UNPROTECTED BELLY.



YOUNG HAWK'S ARROW
IS ON THE STRING----



WHEN ANOTHER INTERRUPTION
SAVES FORKY FROM DISASTER



WITH CRASHING JAWS THE UGLY
BRUTE TURNS ON THE NEWCOMER!



AN ARROW STRIKES BEHIND THE BEAST'S EAR--
ONLY ADDING TO HER FURY.



WITH A BURST OF SAVAGE SPEED SHE REACHES
THE CANOE---AS YOUNG HAWK'S NEXT ARROW HITS HOME!



GASPING, ROARING, SHE BITES
AT THE ARROW SHAFT----



SUDDENLY SHE ROLLS UNDER, THRASHING IN DEATH THROES! AND THE TERRIFIED GIRL STROKES FOR SHORE.



"I HAVE HER, LITTLE BUCK! YOU SWIM AFTER THAT CANOE!"

"WE'LL NEED IS--"



"DO NOT TREMBLE, LITTLE SISTER! THE BEAR IS DEAD AND GONE!"

"OH! YOU CAN SPEAK MY TONGUE-- SHOSHONE!"



"YES! WE ARE MANDANS-- LITTLE BUCK AND I! WE SPEAK SHOSHONE, TOO! BUT NOW I WILL BUILD A FIRE TO DRY YOU!"



"GOOD WORK, LITTLE BUCK! IS THE CANOE MUCH DAMAGED?"

"WE CAN REPAIR IT EASILY! AND I FOUND THE BEAR-- DEAD IN THE SHALLOWS, YOUNG HAWK!"



"WE WILL GO AND SKIN THE BEAR NOW, AND PREPARE THE MEAT-- WHILE YOU DRY YOURSELF, MAIDEN--"

"NE-GUNA IS MY NAME! YOU ARE GOOD TO ME, YOUNG WARRIOR!"



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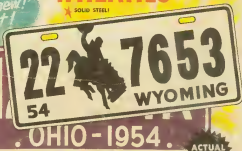
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